

Wichita Daily Eagle

ESTHETIC SMOKING.

A SMOKER ANALYZES THE FUN HE GETS OUT OF A CIGAR.

The Pleasure of the Weed Is Received Through the Eyes—The Poetry of Holding a Cigar Between the Lips—The Finer Sensations of the Habit Described.

Almost all men smoke with their eyes, though few of them know it. They do not light the cigar with their eyes, though often poems refer to eyes, usually some girl's, as bright enough for that purpose, but the real enjoyment of smoking comes through the eyes and the touch of the hand. It seems to be commonly thought that the sense of taste and smell are those which are most affected by tobacco, and those which alone make a man enjoy tobacco, but this is not correct. Of course a man may taste a cigar, just as he may taste a piece of leather or a piece of wood, but, unless he has the taste of tobacco is no more pleasing than the taste of leather or wood; rather, on the contrary, it is sickening. Then men think they can tell about cigars from their odor, but in reality they tell about them from their appearance and their feel.

There are many men who hold a cigar in their mouths and roll it around without smoking it. Some of them bite it and others chew it, but the number who hold it between their teeth or roll it around between their lips is greater. That is usually the way with an old smoker. When the cigar is lighted he has a certain particular place for it, and certain teeth between which the cigar rests. With some men it is front teeth, with others the incisors, and some men shift their cigars away back.

DELIGHTS OF A DRY SMOKE. It is seldom that two men hold their cigars in their mouths in just the same way and at the same angle. There are as many ways and angles of holding cigars as there are men who smoke them.

There is where a great deal of the satisfaction of smoking comes in. The nerves of touch of the lips are as keen and sensitive as those of the hand. A good wrapper is as hard to entice to dull them. The lips are full of sensitive blood vessels and sensitive nerves. They curve, arch, straighten, become hard, are drawn, and conform to every emotion of the mind and to every thought. Most smokers have mobile lips. The hand moved and the cigar becomes a victim of the smoking habit. If they smoke occasionally because others do, or he may chew, but he misses one of the greatest enjoyments of a cigar. These blood vessels and these nerves in the lips are near the brain. The contact of the cigar with them goes on to the brain. That feeling and the sight of the smoke are soothing; it is not the taste and the smell.

One of the greatest differences between good and poor cigars is in the wrapper. It is the wrapper which comes in contact with the lips. A good wrapper is soft, softer than velvet or down; it is like fuzzy silk. It does not feel this way to the palm of the hand nor when clamped tightly between the teeth, but when held between the teeth the lips touch it and caress it like an imprinted kiss.

VALUE OF SIGHT. To a greater extent does smoking appeal to the eyes. Try to smoke in a dark room and the enjoyment at once decreases, and it is hard to tell the difference between a good and a bad cigar. It is hard even for a man who is accustomed to smoking to tell whether his cigar is life or not except by looking at the end of it. If the man keeps his eyes closed and does not see the coal it is easy to deceive him. This would not apply to a man who had never smoked before, but to a man who is accustomed to smoking—and to such alone are the joys of the smoker. A sight of the smoke and the cigar and the end of the cigar and the glow which appeal to the eye, the contrast between the different shades of brown in the cigar, the cherry of the burning tobacco and the grayish ash, with the thinner gray of the smoke, changing into various shades of blue and green as it goes through the air—it is these that make the vision, the quiet, and the placidity which are the charms of smoking.

The fact that a cigar appeals both to the touch and sight accounts for the difference in the sensation of smoking a pipe, a cigar and a cigarette. Both the sight and the touch are different. The same tobacco may be in the pipe and in the cigar which is in the cigarette, but it does not smoke the same way, and it does not have the same feeling to the smoker. There is not the same feeling to the lips, and there is not the appeal to the touch nerves. Both the sight and the touch of a cigarette are so different that it cannot be considered with a pipe or a cigar.

There are several lessons to be learned from these facts about smoking which are clear to every eye, as soon as he thinks about them, but which most smokers have not thought about, but they go on enjoying their habit without reflecting about the reasons for the enjoyment. One of them is that a cigar should be chosen and smoked in a deliberate, thoughtful and philosophical way.

THE CHOICE OF A CIGAR. A cigar is more than a brown roll of tobacco simply, as that it may bring profit to the dealer and enjoyment to the eye through its symmetry and color, but its force is potential. It has to be burned to have the enjoyment it contains. A smoker should always look at the cigar first. Cigar dealers have appeared to him in arranging their boxes open in glass cases. So far as the factory, the size, shape, quality, price, brand, color and grade go, the cigars might as well be kept in closed boxes. They would no longer let him that way. A smoker should look over the ones he should look over cigars after cigars until some particular cigar appeals to him. It is the same way with a box. No two cigars are alike. There is a little speck or spot on one; there is a little tear of the cover, a

"Thick and Glossy."

THE PRODUCTION OF an abundant growth of hair, of a silky texture and of the original color, often results from the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor.

"I was rapidly becoming gray and bald; but after using two or three bottles of Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair grew thick and glossy and the original color was restored."—M. Aldrich, Canaan Centre, N. H.

"A trial of Ayer's Hair Vigor has convinced me of its merits. Its use has not only caused the hair of my wife and daughter to be abundant and glossy, but it has given my rather straggled mustache a respectable length and appearance."—L. Britton, Oakland, Ohio.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for the past four or five years and find it a most satisfactory dressing for the hair. It is all that I could desire, being harmless, causing the hair to retain its natural color, and requiring but a small quantity to render the hair very clear and healthy."—Mrs. M. A. Bailey, 9 Charles st., Haverhill, Mass.

Ayer's Hair Vigor, PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

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MANUFACTURERS OF
STALLING'S PALMOLIO TOILET SOAP
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And Jobber in Figs, Dates, Cigars, Foreign and Domestic Nuts, Cider, Paper Bags, Paper Boxes, Candy Jars, Trays, Etc.
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233 and 235 South Main Street, - - - - - Wichita, Kansas.

little different from the end, a little change in the convolutions of the filler, the binder and the wrapper as they are exposed to view before the match is applied. Notice these little points in cigars and pick out one that has some little point that you particularly notice. Some men prefer cigars with yellow spots, others prefer a hard looking cigar, others a loose cigar, and so on. The preference is not material, the pleasing of the eye is. When a selection satisfactory to the eye has been made the start at least to a good smoke is assured. Always look at the cigar before lighting it. Turn it around in your fingers and look at it. It is going to give you pleasure. Then light it, not by sticking it in a flame or by lighting it in a small globe, but by lighting a piece of paper, stick or match and holding it up. Do not put the cigar in your mouth and poke your face into a flame. That presents the eye from watching the properly what is going on, but take a light and notice the flame as it goes to the cigar. The smoke begins to curl before the eyes, the lips fit around the cigar like a mould. Then an enjoyable smoke has begun.—New York Sun.

Engraving on Steel. Here is another thing which many people do not know. The use of hundreds of national banks in the United States, each with four issues bills bearing its name. An assortment of these bills will show frequent repetitions of the portraits of Lincoln, Grant, Stanton and other prominent Americans.

Take another bill and carefully compare the impressions of the same head. Do you notice any difference? See that you have a strong light—daylight is best. Compare all the little dots and lines. Yes, they are identical. Well, the engraving of one of these portraits is a very expensive affair, and no matter how skillful the engraver he could not make a second plate which would be identical with the first.

This is the way in which the several hands happen to be exact counterparts. Many years ago Jacob Perkins discovered a way of softening steel that it could be cut as easily as copper. After the work was done upon a soft steel plate he hardened it. Up to his time copper only had been used for engraving purposes so far as illustrative work was concerned.

After one of the fine heads (employing this method) is engraved upon the soft steel plate is hardened to its utmost capacity. It is then put on the bed of a powerful transfer press, and over it is placed a roll of soft steel which is passed backward and forward under a pressure of twenty tons. This forces the soft steel into the lines of the hardened plate, and the result is a reverse in high relief on the roll of the engraved portrait where the lines were cut into the metal. The roll is hardened and the portrait is then capable of being transferred, that is, rolled into numberless soft steel plates.

So, you see, the exact similarity is easily accounted for, since it is obtained mechanically. The same means are resorted to with regard to the ornamental letter work and other geometric figures.

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Complete Stock in all the Departments.
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WICHITA WHOLESALE GROCERY CO.,
Wholesale Grocers,
OFFICE AND WAREHOUSE 213 TO 223 SOUTH MARKET STREET.
Keep everything in the grocery line, show cases, Scales and grocers fixtures. Sole agents for the state for "Grand Republic" cigars, also sole proprietors of the "Royalty" and "La Financiera" brands.

FLOUR DEPOT.
C. E. HENNINGER, Sr., Milling and Elevator Co., of
Burlington, Kan., carry a full line of hard and soft wheat flour at their agency in this city. Send for prices and samples.
OTTO WEISS, Agent, 221 N. Main, Wichita.

Willful Suicide.
"I want to die," he said, "and yet I am afraid to take my own life."
He worked it, however, so that he got a position as umpire in a game between two local nines and the coroner brought in a verdict of willful suicide.—Exchange.

What Killed His Town.
At Fort Scott I met an acquaintance whom I knew had gone further west to found a future city, and naturally enough I made inquiries as to how he progressed in his enterprise.
"Promised to be the biggest thing on earth," he replied.
"You were to have three railroad lines?"
"Yes."
"And four or five great factories were to be established?"
"Yes."
"And there was to be an avenue named after every state?"
"Yes."
"And four different street car lines were to be in operation within a year?"
"Yes."
"Two banks, two colleges, four churches, a union depot, a city hall, two opera houses and a government building were on your list for early completion?"
"They were."
"Well, what have you done?"
"Not a blasted thing."
"Not even made a beginning?"
"No. I was going to buy 500 acres of land for the site, but while the owner was getting an abstract of title a man came along with a rotary washing machine, offered me four county rights for \$10 and a shotgun, and I killed the town and saved the machine man from going to a pauper's grave. I've got feelings, I have. When I see a man struggling to make an honest living, but meeting adversity at every turn, my feelings force me to stretch out a helping hand and let this great and glorious west paddle her own canoe."—New York Sun.

Value of Stokers versus Boiler Tubes.
It has been proposed to put safety valves upon the stoke holes in the great ocean liners, so that the air can automatically escape when the pressure is so great that the boiler tubes and grate bars are in danger. If a safety valve were introduced that would blow off when the stokers are in danger there would be much collapse among those useful hands, and much less difficulty in securing each trip men who are willing and able to go through the fiery ordeal that stoking involves.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Gasoline as a Wine Cooler.
Talking about gasoline, a group of oil operators agreed that its dangers had not been painted full dark enough. In describing its volatile powers one of them said that a bottle of wine rubbed briskly with a gasoline saturated towel would be cooled as completely as if it had been frozen in ice.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Better Plan.
Indulge—Yes, I'm getting tired of this single life. I think I'll get married and settle down.
Merritt—What's the matter with settling up first?—Lawrence American.

Cold Blooded.
"She fitted me for that fellow Jim when we were three days out from Liverpool."
"Three years overboard in mid-ocean?"
Barbarous!—Harper's Bazar.

Turning the Tables.
Young Parson—Agnes, will you marry me?
Agnes—I am very sorry, Mr. Foster, but I can't. I'll tell you, though you can marry me. Jack and I are going to announce our engagement at once, and we will call upon you in the fall.—Mansley's

Hard Luck.
"Why so downcast?"
"I lost a magnificent umbrella yesterday."
"Leave it in the car?"
"No, I met the owner of it on the street and he recognized it at once."—Life.

HARLEM TURTLE DOVES.

CONJUGAL FELICITY FEARLESSLY AND PUBLICLY PARADED.

Allan Forman Tells How Mamma, Hopeful and the Bull Pup Wait for Papa Nightly at the Foot of the Elevated Railroad Stairs.

[Special Correspondence.]
New York, July 14.—It has sometimes been a matter of conjecture to me as to what becomes of the young married people. We see that each youth and three full maidens are committing matrimony every day—not the same ones of course—but the "Married" column in the daily papers always seem to be pretty well filled, and the supply never seems to be exhausted.



EACH WAITING FOR SOME ONE.
We never fail to spot them on their wedding trips; they are as plainly newly married as if they had the fresh, crisp certificate pinned on their collars. They return from the wedding journey—a most barbarous custom, by the way—and then they drop out of sight as completely as if the earth had swallowed them up. I had a dim, undefined notion that they suddenly burst into the state of ordinary matrimony; that all the little outward signs which mark the young married couple during the honeymoon were dropped, and that to the casual observer they became as common mortals. But such is not the case. I have made a discovery.

A young friend of mine recently leased a flat in the upper part of this big city, on the corner of Tenth avenue and Harlem or thereabouts. After the struggle of moving had been gone through with his wife took a week for rest and recuperation at her mother's, and he got up the next evening to place matrimony; that all the little outward signs which mark the young married couple during the honeymoon were dropped, and that to the casual observer they became as common mortals. But such is not the case. I have made a discovery.

An expression of ineffable bliss overspread the features of both, and oblivious of the fact that they were blocking the way for some thirty or forty passengers, they kissed with much apparent satisfaction. At the foot of the stairs two other young men were met by two other young women, and they went through with similar performances. As we passed the first grocery two young women, who had evidently been on the watch, darted out and paired off with two young men who had, down to that moment, worn the expectant, eager air of a man who is hunting for a lost dog.

And so it kept up. We had quite a procession of palpably recently married people before we reached the first corner. There is an atmosphere about recently married people which can never be mistaken. They venture to exhibit little marks of affection with a shamefaced, yet defiant air, which seems to say, "We know we are making a pair of fools of ourselves before an unsympathetic public, but we have a perfect right to do so if we are so disposed."

I was attacked with an almost uncontrollable desire to laugh, and was only restrained by the knowledge that it would be impolite to do so, and that as several of the young husbands were larger than I am they might punch my head. My gravity upset, however, when I turned the corner. On the steps of one of the brick cottages stood a group to which neither the strict pencil nor the writer's pen could do full justice. The young wife, an attractive looking young woman of 25 or 30, arrayed in the white gown with pink ribbons affected by young wives; the family pride, in the shape of a chunk of a youngster about 3 or 4 years old, holding tightly to his mother's skirt, and the most hideously ugly bull pup I ever laid eyes on. The two were staring up the street in eager expectancy. Suddenly there was a shriek from the infant, a yelp from the bull pup and an articulate little gurgle from the young wife. The bull pup and youngster came down the steps as if propelled from a catapult.

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THE WOMAN, THE BOY AND THE PUP.
pult and dashed past me yelping and screaming. I turned to watch their mad career, and saw their objective point in a young gentleman who had just turned the corner. The dog got there first, and the stork resounded with his landing. The youngster was a good second, however, and he was caught up and pummeled back on papa's shoulder. From the enthusiasm of

greetings which ensued on the steps I concluded that the head of the family must have just returned from a trip around the world. But I discovered my mistake when I saw the same performance repeated every evening, with one exception, for a week.

That evening it rained. When I stepped on the platform from the elevated train I fancied that there must be a familiar convention of some sort in progress. I never before saw so many young women in macintoshes in one place at the same time. Each grasped an umbrella, and each was evidently waiting for

Mr. Cottagelove from the foot of the stairs—Can you come down, love? Mrs. Maj. Pore is here and wants to see you. Mrs. Cottagelove—Oh, I can't, dear! My hair is all down.
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Then he thanked the Fly.
"Take you make a mistake playing that fly on your wrist to me, do you?"
"N. right. I'll make a note of it."—Philadelphia Times.

CHEST PAINS

COUGHS COLDS

Chest Pains, Coughs and Colds, Weak Lungs, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc. Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster.

some one. There was a fair sprinkling of maid servants, and these I noticed were provided with two umbrellas, and they did not wear the air of intense expectancy which characterized the majority of the gathering. The lady, the child and the bull pup were there, and the whole scene was a picture of domestic life. I was descending the stairs. Then I knew that papa had come, and a feeling of infinite peace stole through my being. I could not help sympathizing with such frank and fearless devotion.

As a matter of fact I can't see why young married people shouldn't "open" if they want to. I can see no objection to a man kissing his own wife if he is so inclined, and does not carry his public demonstrations of affection to an objectionable extent. When a man makes too many professions of affection in public I always suspect him of being a brute in private. About a dozen years ago I was staying at a hotel in the Yosemite valley. The next room to mine was occupied by a married couple, and the partition between our rooms was only a wall papered on to two thicknesses of cheese cloth. They did not know that, however. That man was in public the most devoted husband I ever saw. It was "Dearest" and "Darling" and "Sweetest" every time he spoke to his wife. He was regarded as a model husband, and the married ladies in the hotel. But the way he used to bully that poor wife of his when he got her alone was a caution to girls contemplating matrimony.

One evening he was peculiarly abusive, and I coughed so as to let him know that he was disturbing me. The next day he left the hotel, and the room was given to two girls just out of boarding school. I was too modest to interrupt their confidences by giving them an imitation of a man in the last stages of consumption, and I therefore became the twirling possessor of a vast amount of information concerning young men and women I had never before heard of. So far as my own personal comfort was concerned, I wished that the married couple had remained.

The exhibition of overaffection is in as bad taste as the studied coldness which some of our would-be idealists try to put on. I went to some friends out to Europe the other day, and witnessed the farewells of a couple who are heading on the ragged edges of the Four Hundred, the fringe on the trousers of society, as it were. They were both very English in get up and both were palpably American. He was arrayed in a large checked, striped suit, a flat rimmed derby hat and carried a big cane. He flattered himself that he looked as if he had come direct from London—New London, possibly. His wife was rather pretty, and I think she really wanted him to kiss her good-by. But what did the great calf do? Mornly grabbed her hand, swung it as if it had been a pump handle, said "Ta-ta," and marched down the gangplank a glittering example of good conspicuousness as a man can make of himself if he is really a member of the two performances, the exhibition highly given by Mamma, the Hopeful and the Bull pup in Harlem is the more human and therefore the less offensive. ALLAN FORMAN.



QUITE A PROCESSOR.
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California Froths.
SAN FRANCISCO, July 8.—One of the most appetizing things in this city at this season is a visit to the fruit and vegetable markets. In the latter about every conceivable article in the "green goods" line is not only displayed in abundance, but is tempting to the devotee at the vegetable diet. As far as to be positively fascinating. And fruits, especially of the berry, cherry and peach families, are simply killing in more ways than one. Cherries as large as ordinary eastern plums are strung in regular layers, with the biggest and best on top, in shallow, oblong boxes. Apples, apricots and peaches are displayed in similar quantities and of the finest quality.

Blackberries, red raspberries and currants are abundant also. But the prices are not what one would expect them to be in such a fruit-growing state. The modern fruit shipping facilities are such that there is no such thing as a glutted market. What is not required for home consumption is either sent east or else embargoed into jams or canned or dried for future distribution. Consequently the growers are always sure of a market, and are paying prices for their produce.

Hence fruit fanciers are one of the most certainly remunerative branches of industry in California. Notwithstanding the yearly increase in orchards and the strenuous prohibitions of older trees the yield is never so great as to materially reduce its value. The demand for California figs and raisins and canned fruit is growing more rapidly than the growth of orchards, and extends over an ever widening area. Californians have to pay about as much for such delicacies as do New Yorkers. For this New Yorkers are not sorry.

The handling of the fruit crops here forms an extensive and profitable employment for armies of laborers as well as middlemen or manipulators.

Comparatively few growers put their own product on the market. Much of it is sold on the tree to shippers and packers, who pay orchard men per box and gather the fruit themselves. This is especially the case with oranges. Then when the fruit is picked the mills chiefly find their way into home markets, the best yield being packed for foreign cities. But one advantage of the fruit crops here is the fact that we get the freshest picked and true ripened article. The best matured fruit will not stand long shipment and is disposed of at home. Green figs will not ship, and when the Mexican ripe fruit is plucked from the stem it fairly drips in one's mouth. E. G. W.

All Down.
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